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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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The Pauper's Burial.

The following lines too truly delineate the cold indifference with which the poor remains of those who are born to suffer and die, are huddled into the grave:

Bury him there—
No matter where!
Hustle him out of the way.
Trouble enough
We have with such stuff,
Taxes and money to pay.

Bury him there—
No matter where!
Off in some corner at best!
There's no need of stone
Above *his* bone,
Nobody'll ask where they rest.

Bury him there—
No matter where!
None by his death are bereft;
Stopping to pray?
Shovel away!
We still have enough of them left.

A HIDEOUS 'ISM.—A zealous divine out south, who had noticed with pain the continued absence from church of a gentleman, for many years a constant worshipper, met his negro servant, and inquired why his master no longer atteded divine service.

'De fac is, massa's been very bad, sah, and I'ze fraid he's gettin wus.

'Is it possible!' said the minister in alarm; 'can it be possible that he has thrown aside the light of Christianity, and become a flounderer in the dark, cheerless bogs of socialism.'

'No, sah, wus an' dat,' replied the black,, with a mournful shake of the head.

'I was ever afraid,' said the venerated gentleman, sadly, 'his classic lore would too devotedly incline him to heathen mythology; he may perchance have become afflicted with the mental delusion of pantheism!'

'Wusser still,' muttered the black doggedly.

'Alas!' groaned the preacher, 'then he has become lost in the dark abyss of atheism?'

'No, sah, athyism isn't a sarcumstance—he's got de *rheumatism!*'

The Soap Plant.

From a paper read before the Boon society of Natural History, it appears that the soap plant grows all over California. The leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or abont six weeks after the rainy season has fully set in; the plants never grow more than a foot high, and the leaves and stock drop entirely off in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all summer without decaying. It is used to wash with in all parts of the county, and by those who know its virtues it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it is merely, to strip off the husks, dip the cloths into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick lather and smells not unlike brown soap. The botanical name of the plant, is Phalangium pomaridianum. Besides this plant, the bark of a tree is also used in South America, for the purpose of washing. Several other plants have been used in different oountries as a substitute for soap.

STRANGE ISN'T IT.—As long as a man gets six dollars a week, he can live, and get along rather quietly and contented, but as soon as his wages reach twelve dollars a week, he needs twenty-four—gets in debt and 'busts up,' at that. Man is a high pressure engine, vanity is the steam, money the fuel—apply the principle and you have the facts. Make a note on't.

A friend in Stockbridge (Mass.) sends us the following anecdote of Rev. Zeb. Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference. At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature:

"Zeb," says our informant, "is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified—a thorough, systematic sermonizer; but out of the pulpit, there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion, he was wending his way toward the seat of the Annual Conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to his companion:

"The last teme I stopped at that tavern, *I slept with the landlord's wife!*

In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

'I mean just what I say, replied Zeb.; and on went the two travelers in unbroken silence, until they reached the Conference. In the early part of the session the Conference sat with closed doors, for the purpose of transacting private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct during the past year. Eor this purpose, the clerk called the roll, as was the custom and in due course Zeb's name was called.

'Does any one know aught against the conduct of brother Twitchell during the past year? asked the Bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moments silence, Zeb.'s traveling companion arose from his seat, and with a heavy heart, and grave, demure countenance, said he felt that he had a duty to perform; one that he owed to God, to the church, and to himself. He must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though with trembling. He then related what Zeb. had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord'swife, etc. The grave body of ministers was struck as with a thunderbolt; although a few smiled, and glanced first upon Zeb., then upon the Bishop, knowingly, for they knew, better than the others, the character of the accused. The Bishop called up 'brother T.,' and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb. arose and said:

'I did the deed! I never lie.' Then, pausing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded, with slow and solemn deliberation: 'There was one little circumstance however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the Conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, *I kept the tavern myself!*

The long and troubled countenances relaxed; a titter followed; and the next name on the roll was called.—*Knickerbocker Magazine*

Somebody says that our passions are older than our reason, because passions are born with us, but reason dont follow till a long time after. This is a slander upon all babies. When a baby is spanked, don't he holler?—Yes. And hasn't he got a reason? Yes, and a mighty good reason, too.

Enjoy yourselves while you can, for the time will soon come when rheumatism will take the place of health, and low spirit set in the easy chair of dimpled cheeks and develtry. A few more 'Maydays,' and we will take our final more—leave the earth of our boyhood for our light blue home in the skies.' Think of these things, we say, and "go it while you possess the necessary momentum.

The expenses of a student at an English University, are $2,500 a year, and likelier to reach $4,000. At Yale or Harvard, $300 does it very respectably.

Prof. Olmsted of New Haven has discovered that one pound of rosin and three pounds of lard, when stirred together, become semi-fluid at 72 degrees Fahrenheit. The mass melts at 90 degrees, and remain transparent and limpid at that temperature. For lard lamps, the lard is rendered more fluid by the rosin, and its power of illumination is increased two-fifths. It is a singular fact that although the mixture melts at 90 degrees, the rosin alone requires 300 degrees to melt it and the lard 97 degrees.

Raising the Price of Board.

At the time of General Taylor's inauguration, a long, tall, hungry, ungainly fellow, whose hands hung as low as his knees when he stood up straight, made his appearance at Coleman's and took lodgings. He sat pretty near the end of the table every day at dinner, and ate inordinately, soup, fish, flesh, fowl, dessert, his enormously long arms kept sweeping around like the arms of a huge wind-mill, gathering in everything that fell within the area of a circle they described.

His voracity and beastly gluttonousness so disgusted the other boarders that about a dozen of them went to Coleman and told him that he must get rid of the fellow, or they would positively quit the house.

Coleman reflected awhile, and finally thought he had hit upon a plan. So he took the fellow aside and told him that, owing to the unusual crowd of people in the city, and the plethora of every hotel and boarding house, provisions had become scarce and high, and he found he he was losing money, and should be compelled to raise the price of board from two dollars and a half to three dollars a day.

'Don't,' said the fellow, don't do it! I shall die if you do. It nearly kills me now to eat two dollars and a half's worth and if you raise the price to three dollars, I shall die in two days. Don't do it if you please!'

East India Burial Service.—During the funeral ceremony, which is solemn and affecting, the Brahmins address the respective elements in words to the following purpose:

O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed, by thee he was sustained, and unto thee he now returns.

O Fire! thou hast claimed our brother; during life he subsisted by thy influence in nature: to thee we commit his body thou emblem of purity. May his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence.

O Air! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed; to thee we yield him.

O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wast one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him, who has now taken an everlasting flight!

Synopsis of Decisions of Superintendent of Common Schools.

Widows who have no occupation should be taxed as single freemen.

There can be no such thing as balances due to sub-districts at the close of the school year. Section 8th of the school law provides that if the directors neglect or refuse to "put and keep the schools in operation (during the school year) so far as the means of the district will admit," 'upon the complaint in writing by any six tax-able citizens of the district," the court shall "declare their seats vacant and appoint others in their stead." It is therefore a plain duty of the directors not to have balances on hand at the close of the school year.

Under no circumstancs can a sub-district legally claim that a balance is due them from the district treasury, after the expiration of the school year, if its proper expenses are all paid.

School districts have no authority to establish joint schools, and expenses incurred in the support of schools so established cannot be legally paid out of the common school fund. Nor can sub-districts be established out of parts of different districts.

If a school treasurer dies, with a duplicate in his hands, the directors must take it back, the administrator of the deceased being required only to settle with the directors for such portion of the duplicate as the deceased treasurer had collected or rendered himself personally liable for.

The St. Antony Falls Express urges those out of employment in the seasboard State to go to Minnesota. It says that emigrants can reach there from New York for about $20; and that work at high price, ranging from $12 to $20 per week awaits them immediately on their arrival. Forty acres of fertile land can be purchased for $50 and it can be made to yield an abundance for a family of six or eight persons. This land, the editor says, will be worth from $5 to $20 per acre in a year or two.

Extravagant people are always penurious. Show us a woman who pays a hundred dollars for a showl, and we will show you a woman who will run all over town to get her husband's shirt made sixpence cheaper.'

From the Boston Carpet Bag.

The Surrender of Cornwallis.

BY LIEUTENANT CHUB.

Many years ago it was a custom in the State of Maine, in most of the towns, to celebrate the memorable event of the surrender of Cornwallis, by 'going through' a mock performance, representing that important fact in our country's history.

The little town of Waterford, situated upon the banks of the broad and majestic 'Crooked River,' resolved not to be behind hand in so great an affair. Accordingly a meeting was called at the old Town House on the 'Hill,' to make the necessary arrangements. Deacon Moses Jones, as he was called, was chosen to enact the character of *Washington* and 'Squire 'Bijer Wood, the character of *Cornwallis*.—The under officers, soldiers, &c., were to be selected by the selectmen, whose duty it was to furnish uniforms and pay such other expenses as the affair should require.

Now as Messrs. Jones, and Wood are the principal heroes of this sketch, a short description of their characters may not be deemed out of place. Deacon Jones was a wealthy farmer, proud and religious, (at least he thought he was,) and was on the whole a very worthy man. The worst thing about him was a bad habit he had acquired of taking 'a drop too much;' but then this was not thought a great deal of, for every body in 'them days' took 'suthin' occasionally.

'Squire Wood was the village lawyer, very aristocratic, but, withal, a very clever man. The 'Squire imagined that he knew considerable more than what his neighbors gave him credit for. This may safely be set down as his greatest fault. Both the 'Squire and Deacon were proud of their positions in this great affair, and both meant to do their best.

The morning of the great day dawned beautifully. The Deacon, dressed as General Washington, and mounted on his 'iron gray,' retired with his men, dressed as 'Continentals true,' at an early hour, to a grove near the village, where the ceremony was to take place.

Cornwallis (pro tem.) was also up and dressed before light, and stationed himself, with his men dressed as Britishers, behind the 'Hills.'

The programme of the day's performance was as follows:—The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped—and then ingloriously surrender.

At early dawn thousands poured into the little village, to see the fun and celebrate the great day. Punch, rum-flip and ginger-bread were in great demand. At 9 o'clock the two companies marched into the village and arrayed themselves into fighting position, reminding the spectator of the time when

"Brave Wolf drew up his men,
In style most pretty,
On the plains of Abraham,
Before the city."

The two commanders were greatly excited, and Washington, I regret to say, was in anything but a fit condition to 'act out' the great part he was to perform.—He had been drinking freely all the morning, and now, when the interesting ceremony was about to commence, was so 'tight,' or rather *loose*, that it was with difficulty he could sit in his saddle. He, however, did not know but what he was 'all right,' nor did his men. Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but a little agitated, or, rather elated.

Everything being ready, the companies exchanged shots. Bang! whang!! *bang!!!* went the guns, while the two commanders yelled like so many stuck pigs.

'That's it, (hic) my brave boys!—give it to 'em, the owdacious red coats!' bellowed Washington.

'On, *Romans!*' yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and who remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian beligerents; 'breathes there a man so dead that won't fight like thunder.

'Go it, Continentals!'—down with taxation on tea!' bellowed Washington in a very patriotc voice and narrowly escaped cutting his horse's ear off with the flourish of his sword. The fighting now ceased, the companies were drawn up in a straight line, and Cornwallis dismounted and presented his sword to Washington.

'Well, old boy,' said the immortal, as he cuffed his horse's ears with his cocked hat, 'what'n thunder do you want?'

'General George Washington!' replied Cornwallis, 'I surrender up to you, myself, sword and men!'

'You do, do ye?' sneeringly replied the General.

'Yes General,' said Cornwallis, 'the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the Americon Eagle!'

'*Eagle!* EAGLE!!' yelled Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting the Briton a tremendous blow on the head with the flat of his sworn; 'do ye call me an eagle?' 'Take that!! and that!!!' yelled the infuriated Washington; '*Pre*-haps you'll call me a *eagle* agin, you mean sneaking cuss!'

Cornwallis was *down*, but only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself, and then, with an entirely unlooked-for recuperation on the part of a fallen foe, and in direct defiance of historical history he pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and, in spite of the efforts of the men of both *nations*, succeeded in giving the 'immortal' a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously, most ingloriously ended.

Eor many years after the 'surrender,' there was a coldness between the Deacon and the 'Squire, but as time rolled on and their locks became frosted o'er with white, they learned to call it a 'joke.' Both are living now, and whenever they meet they smoke their pipes and talk about 'that 'are scrape,' like a couple of good, jolly old man as they are.

Interesting to the Ladies.

MADAME PFEIFFER IN ICELAND

From the age of ten years, Madame Pfeiffer tells us, she had a passion for travelling, and a particular desire to visit Iceland. Her desire has been gratified. In the year 1845, she left Vienna, unattended as usual, and found her way, after various perils, to the island of her hopes. She had formed a high opinion of the Icelanders from the writings of travelers, conceiving them to be exempt from the vices of European society, and to abound in all the patriarchal virtues. How far her previous impressions were confirmed may be learned from the few facts which we select from the interesting volume in which she relates her adventures:—The houses of the higher classes in Iceland are arranged precisely *in the ordinary style*, mahogany furniture, mirrors, sofas, etc. In the capital she found *six piano-fortes*. The huts of the peasantry are, in external appearance, like natural hillocks, "small, low, made of lava blocks, filled in with dirt and covered with grass." Within, they are filthy beyond possibility of description. The Icelandic ladies are more stiff and formal towards strangers than any whom Madame Pfeiffer had ever before met, and *by no means inclined to hospitality*. Persons of large fortune and great naturalists) well furnished with money and presents) are the only persons likely to be well received in Icelandic society. The men are of a medium height, generally very ugly, the women less so. The peasantry have a great many children, most of whom die in infancy, because, instead of being nursed by their mothers, they are brought up upon the most unwholesome kinds of food. There is not a carriage of any description tion in Iceland, nor a road upon which one could be used. The clergy *receive from ninety-six cents to ninety-six dollars per annum*, in addition to a house, a few fields and some cattle, which are furnished by the government. The people *suffer more from heat than cold*. When the thermometer is at seventy, no one will work, and in the midst of the harvest they wait till the evening before they begin the labors of the day. The women wear no ornaments, but all are comfortably clad. Every one can read, and nearly all write, though there is but one school in the island. The father of the family is usually the sole instructor of his children. Books, mostly of a religious character, are seen in every house. Their religion is the Lutheran. The churches are extremely small, and are used for storing provisions, tools and clothing, and are generally appropriated as night quarters to a traveller. Madame Pfeiffer usually slept in church during the whole of her solitary tour.—The Icelandic peasantry are lazy to the last conceivable degree, revoltingly dirty in their persons and habits, very curious, devoid of all notions of delicacy and propriety, thoroughly selfish and mercenary. "No power on earth can divert an Icelander from his accustomed ways." They think no scenes in any country can equal in beauty some of their valleys which chance to have a little green grass and a few stunted trees. The universal mode of salutation, at meeting and parting, is *a loud kiss*. The peasant kisses the daughters of the magistrate, and they kiss him in return. The pastor is also kissed on Sunday after service, by all his flock.—In short, a kiss in Iceland is equivalent to our hand shaking; yet the people are all honest. There is no prison on the island; there are no criminals, no locks, bolts or bars; though drunkeness is a very common vice. The reader will see from these statements that Madame Pfeiffer was disappointed in the people of Iceland. She commends their trustworthiness, but all the other features of their character excited her disgust.

Why is a woman's tongue like a planet? Because nothing short of the power that created it is able to stop it in its course.

The man who perpetrated the above conundrum has left for California. He was pursued by forty women; and forty broom-sticks were pick up in the harbor after the vessel left—having been thrown at his head and fallen short of the mark.

☞ According to Livingston's Law Ledger for 1852, our country has 25,000 lawyers, whose annual income "is not far from $36,000,000."

☞ It is in contemplation to establish a Bank in Port Jervis, with a capital of $100,000, to be called the Neversink Bank.

A word to Mothers on baby talk.

It is a fact which must have been noticed, that every child has a foolish and very babyish dialect till it is six or seven years old. Almost every word it utters is spoken either lisping in or an affected manner. This is not the proper way of talking, and there must be some universal cause, or else the effect would be so universal. The cause, it appears to me is very obvious. Almost every mother instructs her infant to speak baby-talk, as the saying is. When a baby first begins to lisp 'pa' and 'ma' instead of endavoring to instruct it pure English, the parent thinks it necessary to simplify the language by always speaking in a sappy manner. 'Ittle ony-tony,' 'Kitty dear,' 'walk alony,' 'kisser mamma,' 'stand a straighty,' &c. Every mother knows a thousand and one of these baby expressions. Now, as a mother, I protest against this practice. It is all nonsence to teach children bad habits merely to have them corrected by school teachers when they arrive at a more mature age. Will parents think of this, and teach their children pure Englis at first.—*Exc.*

A Freak of Nature.

The Buffalo Courier says that in Sheldon, Wyoming co., New York, there is a girl only seven years of age, who has a full moustache on the upper lip, large enough for a cavalry officer, and a beard, which, though fit only for a "middling grenadier," is large enough to be the envy of city striplings of twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. This usual growth of hair began when she was five years old, since which time it has been repeatedly plucked out. She is the child of Belgian parents, is healty and rather more than usually intelligent for her years.

VACANCY FOR A DOCTOR.—Greimel, the Indian Agent in New Mexico, wrote home on the 31st of March, that he knew of an opening for an enterprising Physician. A vacancy had happened and he told why. One of the Eutaws on the San Juan river was taken sick, and an Indian Doctor from the Rio Verde was called in to attend him. Owing to the strengt" of the disease or to the weakness of the prescription of the doctor, the patient died and was buried. After the funeral the Doctor was taken by the friends of the deceased, tied up, shot and scalped; his wife's hair was cut off; his house burned, containing all his property and all his animals killed. This is the law among these Indians, regulating doctors. The vacancy is yet unfilled.

VAMPIRE.—Not long since, a young girl, eleven years of age, who lived in Paris, attempted to murder her mother, sister, and many of her playmates, for the purpose of drinking their blood. After a careful examination by scientific men, it was declared that she was subject to the strange and terrible mania of cannibalism. As she was extremely young, this strange perversion of natural inrtinct afforded a prospect of cure. All will remember the case of the sergeant, who used at midnight to leave his quarters, and dig up bodies in Pere le chaise, which he subsequently devoured. This unfortunate man is now cured, and is but thirty-two years of age. He preserves of the episodes of his past life only a confused memory, like the recollection of a painful dream. In other days, science feared to approach these suffers.

In 1770, a young man named Ferrage, under the influence of this malady, suddenly left his companions, and surrendered himself up to this horrible propensity. He selected, as his retreat, a cavern near the top of the mountain of Aure, whence he used to descend, like a beast of prey, into the champaigne country, killing all the women; he could eat nothing else, and was constantly seen to gaze, as if in wait for an opportunity to seize his prey. He never went abroad without a double-barreled gun, a belt full of pistols and a dagger. So great was the terror that he inspired, that he used frequently to come into towns for food or ammunition, without any molestation.

A peasant, whom he suspected of a design upon him, had his house burned over his head. He used to decoy any muleteers he chanced to discover in the woods, to his den, where they were uniformly murdered. A large reward was offered for his capture in vain, until a bold peasant insinuated himself into his confidence, and captured him. This beast of prey, for such he was, was executed on the 12th of December, 1782.—He was broken alive on the wheel. For four years he had lived exclusively as a cannibal.

☞ The Rajah of Coorg, a potentate from the Western Ghaunts, Hindostan, has arrived in England, bringing his young daughter to be educated. This is a new feature in oriental manners, The Rajah is accompanied by his two wives.

There is a marriage contemplated in New York, of an interesting character.—The gentleman is 94 years of age, and the lady, shall we name it, 18! The name cannot now be given.